



"YOU KNOW, JAMES, BABY WILL SOON BE ASKING US ALL SORTS OF QUESTIONS AND WANTING TO KNOW ABOUT EVERYTHING. WE MUST PREPARE OURSELVES TO ANSWER HIM CORRECTLY."

"VERY WELL, MY LOVE!"



THEY DO—WITH DEPLORABLE RESULTS.

#### CHARIVARIA.

THE Berlin wedding is said to have gone off without a hitch, and the newspaper which issued the following announcement on its poster was evidently misinformed:—

EVE OF THE WEDDING.  
SCENES.

The statement in a contemporary that Princess VICTORIA LUISE and Prince ERNST AUGUSTUS were married "in the presence of the three greatest monarchs of Europe" has given grave offence to a certain Balkan King who, owing to pressure of business, was unable to be present.

Mr. ROOSEVELT, in the course of the action which he brought to disprove the charge that he was an excessive drinker, made one admission which came near to wrecking his case. He confessed airily that once, at the Deutsche Club at Milwaukee, he took "a mouthful" of beer. The opposing Counsel was, however, caught napping, and omitted to request the ex-President to open his mouth, known to be an exceptionally roomy one, to its full extent, so that the jury might see its capacity.

The rumour that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is aiming at the leadership of the

Liberal Party has received startling confirmation. The other day Mr. ASQUITH had his hair cut. At the opening of Parliament last week it was noticed that the CHANCELLOR was allowing his to grow as long as Mr. ASQUITH's used to be.

Mr. BURNS informed Captain MURRAY in the House of Commons last week that the question of the prohibition of dazzling head-lights on motor cars is under consideration. The statement has caused a certain amount of uneasiness among red-haired chauffeurs, and Mr. BURNS, we understand, is to be asked, when the weather gets cooler, to receive a deputation on the subject.

"The Tea Party," says Archdeacon SCOTT, "is a mighty parochial engine." The Liberal Party must look to its laurels.

The custom of presenting gifts to one's guests is said to be spreading. We must confess that we have often felt, after a very dull and badly-cooked dinner, that some compensation was due to us.

"There is not much need of my expressing any view about those dances which have of recent date been imported from the Zoological Gardens into the London drawing-room," says Father

BERNARD VAUGHAN. This slander on those who are not in a position to defend themselves strikes us as peculiarly dastardly, and we trust that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will carry the matter further.

ENGRACIA TORRELANO, of Ferrol, Spain, *The Express* informs us, danced the Tango at a village fair while bearing a bucketful of water on her head. We understand that over here this dance is frequently performed by persons with a certain amount of water on the brain.

*The Strand Magazine* publishes a symposium on the subject of "The Sort of Woman a Man Likes." It is said that many distinguished gentlemen who were asked for their views were obliged to decline the invitation owing to their being married and not wishing to make trouble at home.

For the following extract from an account of a local Musical Competition we are indebted to the *Dublin Evening Herald*:—

"In the Junior Organ the test pieces were (a) Frigne in D minor, *The Giant* (Bach); (b) Prelude in A (Smart), and (c) an easy piece at sight.

Mrs. GUINNESS said it would be a great convenience if occasionally the Committee had the use of the ambulance." This seems just the occasion.

## TO A VERY ORDINARY MAN,

who, having failed to make any impression as a bachelor, has now secured, in the person of his new wife, a dazed admirer of his intelligence, and treats her accordingly.

Two months of "wedded bliss" had fared  
(I use the phrase to custom dear)  
Since in those solemn rites I shared  
That closed your celibate career,  
When, Francis, at your kind request,  
I came to eat your mess of pottage,  
And brought (unmasked) an eye to test  
Your scheme of love-birds in a cottage.

Dinner produced the signs I sought:  
Our trio prattled gay and free;  
But when the theme demanded thought  
Your best remarks were made to me;  
I gathered, though you loved her much  
(And love, of course, was all that mattered),  
You wished she had a lighter touch  
For picking up the pearls you scattered.

You did not patently expose  
This private yearning, need I say?  
For men conceal their inward woes  
And seldom give their wives away;  
Indeed, when we discussed apart  
What things to praise and what disparage—  
Weather and EDWARD GREY and Art—  
There was no mention made of marriage.

Yet I divined the subtle change.  
When mixing with our world of men  
Your wit had shown a modest range,  
Nor soared above the average ken;  
And now you owned—and this was odd—  
An audience (guaranteed by Cupid)  
That took you for a little god,  
And, in return, you found her stupid!

She may be so; but that conceit  
Comes with a sorry grace from you—  
From one whose wife salutes his feet  
With deference well beyond his due;  
Rather be glad her brains are small,  
For would she (pardon my acidity)  
Ever have married you at all  
But for her gift of sweet stupidity?

O. S.

"The complete, well perhaps we had better not say complete, as we can hardly believe that a change so sudden and unexpected has been full and complete, but the result of the inquiry on Tuesday night is a surprise to many people to find that after all 'We have been and gone and done for 'em,' as the popular phrase goes, the Ashby representatives should turn round and throw in their little lot with Frodingham is a thing no 'fellah can understand.'"

*Scunthorpe Star.*

Somebody is not well.

Cabinet Ministers who have children experience no difficulty now in obtaining nurses. Owing to kidnapping threats, Scotland Yard is providing the nurse with an officer whenever she takes the children out.

"Mulholland reached three figures in two hours thirty-five minutes. His total eventually reached 122, for which he batted two hours and ten minutes."—*Evening Standard*.

"Mead out 170. He hit twenty-seven 4's, four 3's, and one hundred and twenty 2's."—*Liverpool Echo*.

And so the brightening of cricket goes on.

## HOT WEATHER HINTS.

By way of giving a useful lead to persons suffering from a lack of initiative Mr. Punch has collected the following interesting list of favourite drinks from a variety of prominent personages:—

Sir RUFUS ISAACS: Marconibrunner.  
Lord MURRAY OF ELIBANK: Mumm.  
Mr. LLOYD GEORGE: Contangoatura Bitters.  
Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT: Milestone Burgundy.  
Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL: Blenheim Orangeade.  
Mr. J. S. SARGENT, R.A.: Sparkling Wertheimer.  
Mr. LEO MAXSE: Château Léoville.  
Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING: Kimmel.  
Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL: O. O. de vie.  
Mr. URE: Pommery cum Grano.  
Mr. REGINALD SMITH, K.C.: Elderflower water.  
Sir EDWARD HENRY: Cop's Ale.  
Lord NORTHCLIFFE: 'Alf-and-'Alf.  
The MASTER OF THE MINT: Crème de Menthe.  
Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD: Mareella.  
Mrs. ASQUITH: Château Margot.  
Mme. MELBA: Canary.

Mr. HENRY JAMES: Iced Water drunk from "The Golden Bowl."

Mr. JUSTICE DARLING: Anything so long as it is not Vin de Grave.

Some further hints, on the subject of dress and diet, will doubtless be appreciated in view of the authority attached to the experts cited.

Lord COURTNEY OF PENWITH writes: "When the shade temperature does not exceed 70 I think that blue broad-cloth and a buff waistcoat are best attuned to the national physique. When, however, this limit is exceeded I favour the adoption of certain modifications, as, for example, a white tall hat and the substitution of bone for brass buttons on the waistcoat, brass being a conductor of heat. In exceptional temperature a puggaree is a useful sartorial adjunct, and a white umbrella serves to mitigate the ardours of the dog star."

CAPTAIN COE wires from Bournville: "When old Solus is on the rampage I am in the habit of discarding my waistcoat and donning the cummerbund, which adds a natty—or may I say a nutty?—touch to the costume of the well-groomed racing man."

Lord MURRAY OF ELIBANK, in a supplementary dispatch from Bogotá, recommends white drill pantaloons, a scarlet sash and lemon-coloured alpaca coat, with Afghan sandals and openwork socks.

Sir HENRY HOWORTH lays stress on abstinence from hot dishes and recommends pressed mammoth as at once safe and sustaining. The Mongolians, he adds, are in the habit of placing a large pat of butter on the crown of their heads, but insular prejudice would probably be fatal to the general adoption of this mollifying practice.

Finally Mrs. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX sends the following illuminating quatrain, penetrated with the noble optimism which is at the root of all her lyrical utterance:—

"Let us be patient, though the heat is torrid,  
And, as we mop the much-perspiring forehead,  
Determined not to be faint-hearted croakers,  
Think of the sufferings of Red Sea stokers!"

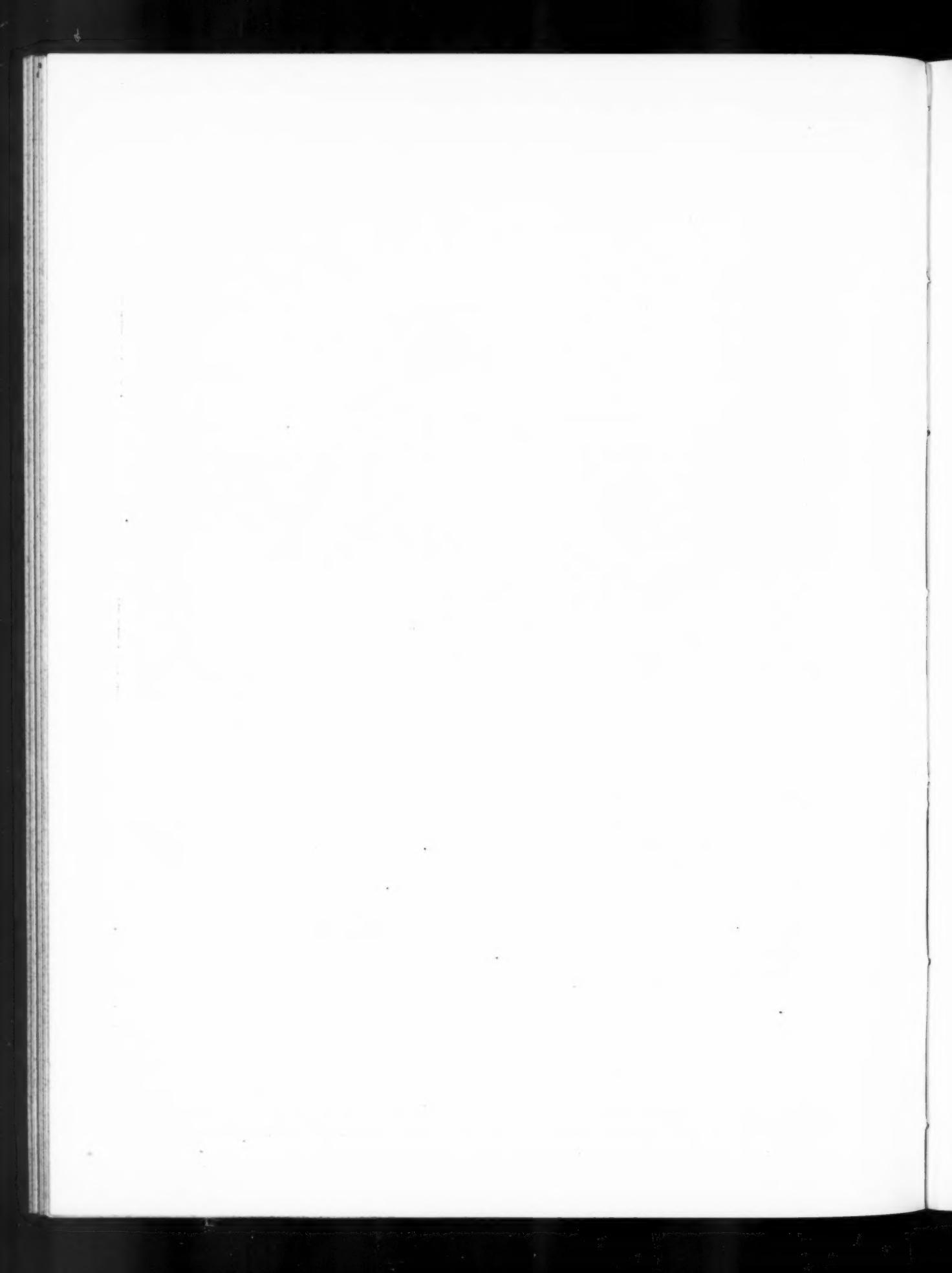
"Dunn in the third bout hit his opponent fairly on the chin, and was counted out."—*Adelaide Advertiser*.

The Referee (severely): "You know, Master DUNN, I told you before you started that there was to be no hitting about the face."



### THE GOOD BOY OF THE EAST.

TURKEY (*from the corner in which Europa has put him*). "I FEAR, MADAM, THAT OUR YOUNG FRIENDS ARE CAUSING YOU SOME EMBARRASSMENT. BUT, WHILE GREATLY DEPLORING THEIR INSUBORDINATION, I REGRET THAT I AM NOT IN A POSITION TO RENDER ANY APPRECIABLE ASSISTANCE TO YOUR AUTHORITY."





*Militant Suffragist (after long and futile efforts to light a fire for her tea-kettle). "AND TO THINK THAT ONLY YESTERDAY I BURNT TWO PAVILIONS AND A CHURCH!"*

#### FURTHER CLIMPSIES OF CARLYLE.

(*Being a hazy memory of Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD's article in "The Contemporary Review."*)

BEFORE it is too late let me put on record my personal recollections of the Wise Man of Chelsea, for, with the exception of Mr. FRANK HARRIS, I am the only one of his intimate friends that is still here. Between us we know all. If I am less frank, reader, forgive me.

Chelsea is no longer what it was. All, all are gone, the old familiar hats. In vain does one search its streets for any of the Titans. We are all pygmies now—pygmies.

Dear JOHN FORSTER, the great and good, it was he who introduced me to the Sage. "I send you Percy," he wrote to him, "a man you must know." For FORSTER always used the imperative method. CARLYLE's niece was immensely kind to me, but she broke her promise. She promised me one of the Sage's churchwarden pipes, but it never came. How could it? A pipe is an impossible thing to pack. And yet is it? because, if so, how did CARLYLE's own pipes get to him?

We had all kinds of odd ways of talking together in our Set. For example, wishing once to inform the Sage that I had passed him recently in the West End, I put it thus: "Sir, I think I crossed you lately nigh Bond Street." As it happened I was mistaken, for CARLYLE replied, "No, no, ye didna. That were my brither—he not unlike me." Observe the curious construction, as of a foreigner learning English. In his books he could write grammatically and even well; but in conversation with his intimates, as you notice, he suggested Prince Lee Boo. His Doric was equal to every tax put upon it. The great and good JOHN FORSTER became in his mouth equally "Fooster," "Foosther" and "Foos-ther." "My dear Percy," I remember FORSTER once saying to me in his hospitable mansion at Palace Gate—so hospitable that we had to bring our own cigars—"can't you do anything with THOMAS [CARLYLE] to make him pronounce my name more consistently? It gets on my nerves, and you know what happens then." But nothing that I said to the Sage was of any effect. "Hech, hech, hech," was all he would reply. "Puir wee blitherer! Hech,

hech, hech!" It was really rather serious, for the good and great FORSTER in a state of nerves was something terrible. All Palace Gate rocked; chimneys fell; the rooks in Kensington Gardens left their trees. Our beloved BROWNING at last could stand it no longer, and left the Set. A year or so later the poet said to me, "Seen FORSTER? I never see him now," and he was gone before I could reply to the gracious query.

FORSTER more ought to be known, for he was great and good. I have some priceless letters from him. In one he says—

The best way to get here is by the omnibus. In another he draws attention to the bad weather with a fine touch of vividness—

Isn't the rain terrific?

But since CARLYLE's name is at the head of this article I must really pay more attention to him. "My guid Pairey," he said to me once, "dinna forget aught ah'm sayin', wilt? Pos-terity will be grateful for sic blather gin ye dish it oop." Hence these reverent pages. Hech! hech! hech! *Eheu fugaces.*

## BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

A LUCKY CUT.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—For your special behoof your Blanche is going to become an author and tell you a little happening of the moment as a short story, strictly based on fact, as people say:—

Mrs. Golding-Newman sat in her opera-box, a frown on her brow and a full-sized pout on her lips. Once more the unhappy woman was all wrong. The night before last she had been at an old-fashioned, tuney VERDI opera, wearing her high diamond tiara, her *rivière*, her sun, her stars, her rope of black pearls, and Olga's last word in evening gowns, and had found it was correct to wear hardly any jewels and to be almost quite dowdy! And to-night hero she was at a brand-new opera — scarcely a tune in it, Trillini singing, the house alight with tiaras and *rivières* — and, frightened by her experience of Tuesday, she had come with a little pearl fillet in her hair, a small string of pearls round her throat and a gown and wrap that hardly spoke above a whisper! What can life hold for the wretched woman who has made two such ghastly mistakes in one short week!

Nor was this all. It was the long interval just now. Everybody was visiting Everybody's box to chat and laugh, while Nobody sat neglected. The corridors behind the boxes simply swarmed with people who matter, but the door of the Golding-Newmans' box found no hand to open it. So Mrs. G.-N. sat sulking, while her husband, his hands in his pockets, lounged at the other side of the box and yawned enormously. "It's a shame!" — that was Mrs. Golding-Newman finding vent for her feelings in words at last. "It's a cruel shame!" Her gaze was fixed on the box where our dear Pansy Shropshire, dressed in the famous Shropshire sapphires, with some little

additions of satin, lace and chiffon, was holding her court. "A great lady, is she? A duchess, and a leader among the leaders? But not too great a lady to take my £5,000" ("Mine," corrected Mr. Golding-Newman, *sotto voce*), "and give me nothing in return — absolutely nothing! Wasn't I given plainly to understand that, if I gave £5,000 to her scheme for dressing all her Shropshire Cottagers as Ancient Britons, she would open the doors of Society to me? And what has she done? A card for

ain't. As for me, I'd swap a dozen operas for a good variety show, with plenty of song-and-dance turns and first-rate comics and tumbling. This opera business don't appeal to me. I've not heard a tune I could lay hold of the whole evening. And though this Madame Trillini may be all very well when she *sings*, when she *screams* I feel like stopping my ears, Moggie."

"Oh, Robert, Robert! Try not to be so awful!" moaned his wife. "What you call screaming is her wonderful G

in alt that everybody raves about. And don't, don't call me Moggie! It's such a fearful, North-country sort of name, and makes one think of factories and shawls and clogs and Saturday half-holidays. If people called Margaret aren't called Margaret they're called Peggy by nice people."

"All right, Mog—Peg — Margaret — I'll try to remember. But don't run down factories, my girl. If it wasn't for factories and shawls and clogs and Saturday half-holidays, you wouldn't be sitting at the opera to-night, a swell among the swells."

"A swell among the swells' indeed! I'm no more in Society than if we were back at our house in Manchester. I've a good mind to give up trying. But

I'll let her know what I think of her first!"

\* \* \* \* \*  
The opera was over. The Golding-Newmans left their box, she smoothing away her frown as well as she could, drawing her wrap round her with a determination to do or die, and muttering to herself, "I'll let her know what I think of her and her methods the very first opportunity I get!"

The opportunity chanced to be quite handy. A number of well-known people were chatting in the vestibule, among them Pansy Shropshire and her best beloved enemy, Veronica St. Neots.

"Here comes that weird little *protégée* of yours, my dear," said the latter to the former, "with that delightfully



Local Critic. "TAIN'T 'ARF AS GOOD AS WOT THE LIDY'S DOING ON STILTS."

one of her receptions, at which she spoke two words to me and gave me her little finger to shake; and the only other person I spoke to the whole evening was the footman who got me my wrap!

"Then there was an invitation to a concert, where I was asked to give up my seat to an old frump, who flounced down into it without even a 'thank you!' And now look at us to-night! Where's the good of a box on the grand tier and on the best side of the house, with a view of the royal box and the omnibus box, if no one comes near us!"

"Stands me in pretty heavy, this box," commented Mr. G.-N. "Not that I'd grudge it if you were enjoying yourself, my dear, but it seems you



*House Agent's Clerk (in answer to American's enquiry for a country cottage). "HOW WOULD THIS SUIT YOU, SIR? TEN BEDROOMS, THREE RECEPTION, STABLES, GARAGE?"*

*American. "SEE HERE, YOUNG MAN, I ASKED YOU FOR A COTTAGE, NOT A HOTEL."*

fearful husband of hers in tow. She's heading straight for you."

When the Golding-Newman woman had approached quite close to the group, Pansy Shropshire turned and bestowed upon her about the smallest nod of which a duchess's head is capable, together with half an inch of her famous smile, and a cool, careless word or two of greeting. But neither nod, smile, nor words of greeting were returned. The pretty face that didn't matter at all looked steadily, icily, without the *least* recognition, at the pretty face that mattered so much—and Mrs. Golding-Newman swept past and mingled in the crowd.

"But what an extraordinary performance, dearest!" said Lady St. Neots to the duchess. "What does the little person mean by it?"

Pansy only laughed and shrugged her shoulders. "How can one say what she means? The ways of such people are past finding out."

"I've done it now!" gasped Mrs. Golding-Newman, as she threw herself back in her car. "I don't care! It was *worth* the £5,000, though I've killed any tiny chance I may have had of ever getting into Society!" But there she was mistaken.

"My sweet thing," said Veronica St. Neots to me next day, "I simply *must* know this little outside person who gave dear Pansy Shropshire the cut direct at the opera last night. You never saw a cleaner cut, Blanche—quite to the bone! Really, you know, it was rather great. Several of us saw it, and we all say we must know the little person. It was positively too funny for words to see our dear Pansy look almost quite a little foolish for one small moment!"

"How lovely!" I said. "I must know the little person too!"

And that is how Mrs. Golding-Newman's social success began. Once more she is in her box at the opera, but to-night she's perfectly right. She has eaten of the fruit of the Mayfair Tree of Knowledge of What's Done and What isn't Done. She has learned the preacher's lesson—that there is a time to cast stones away and a time to gather stones together—and put them on! She knows that for an opera less than three years old, with Trillini singing, she must wear her very newest evening gown, with no bodice worth mentioning, and her all-round tiara, and her *rivière*, and her sun and her stars, and her rope of black pearls, and

everything that is hers. The little outside person who gave dear Pansy Shropshire the cut direct has become almost quite the fashion, and if you want her at your parties you must be some one who counts; and you must give her pretty long notice too, for she's asked everywhere and is *immensely* particular as to what she accepts! Our dear Pansy has good-naturedly offered the little person her congrats on her success and the *coup d'éclat* that led to it that night in the vestibule of the opera-house. "It was quite a clever idea of yours," she said.

So there sits Mrs. Golding-Newman in her opera-box, and once more it is the long interval, and Everyone is calling at Everyone's box, and the corridors swarm with the right kind of people. But no longer is the Golding-Newman box unvisited. No, indeed! It's so full of people who matter that Mr. G.-N. has hardly room to thrust his hands into his pockets and yawn, and his hopes of the box being given up and of his being able to "swop opera for a good variety show" have dwindled to nothing. And that, my dear, is the true inwardness of why a recent Outsider has become an Insider.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

**"WITHIN THE LAW."**

[Without prejudice to a very pleasant entertainment at the Haymarket Theatre.]

**ACT I.**

Edward Gilder's office at "The Emporium." Sarah, his secretary, is discovered.

Enter Smithson, a shop-walker.

Smithson. I just looked in to say how dreadful it was that Margaret Taylor should be a thief. Ten blouses, seven petticoats, one-half pair of silk hose, twenty-nine pairs of—

Sarah (hastily). Yes, isn't it sad? Such a nice girl, too.

[Exit Smithson. Enter Edward Gilder and his solicitor, Demarest.

Gilder. Well, so Margaret Taylor is committed for trial. Excellent.

Demarest. All the same, I can't help thinking she's innocent.

Gilder. Why?

Demarest. Well—er—she said so . . . and she's the heroine of the play . . . and what with one thing and another. . . .

Gilder (amazed). But the things were found in her locker!

Demarest (with superiority). My dear Gilder, when you've been on the stage a little longer, you'll know that, the more innocent a heroine is, the more things are found in her locker. But look here, she wants to see you. Will you bail her out? Say the word and I'll go to the police-court at once and fetch her here. (Gilder nods reluctantly.) Good man! [Exit.

Gilder (to Sarah). Now for a heavy morning's work. Hullo, who's this?

[Re-enter Demarest with Margaret Taylor.

Demarest (breathlessly). I've been as quick as I could, but you know how slow the law is. Now, we'll leave you two together. [Exit with Sarah.

Gilder (sternly). Well?

Margaret (earnestly). I've come to tell you how to stop these thefts. Mr. Gilder, give your girls a living wage and they won't need to steal. How can we keep body and soul together on fourteen shillings a week? We're on our feet all day in the shop, and—

Gilder (seriously alarmed). Good Heavens! Is this a GALSWORTHY play? I had no idea. I thought it was just—(consulting programme)—ah, I was right. (In great relief) Look—it's adapted from an American play by FREDERICK FENN and ARTHUR WIMPERIS. (Soothingly) So you see how absurd it is to talk like this.

Margaret (penitently). I know. I won't do it again. What I really meant to say was this. (Melodramatically) Beware, serpent, for in the next three Acts I will have my r-revenge!

CURTAIN.

**ACT II.**

Margaret's flat. It is two years later, and Margaret is the head of a gang of criminals; two of whom, Joe Garson and Agnes Lynch, are discovered conversing.

Garson. I love her!

Agnes. But she is always carrying on with Dick Gilder. What's her game, I wonder.

[Enter Margaret.

Margaret. Well, any callers?

Garson (gloomily). That detective from Gilder's. I believe he's on our track.

Margaret (brightly). But the law can't touch us! All our crimes are perfectly legal. That last little blackmail business was done quite respectably through solicitors.

Agnes (aside). From the things that have been said about solicitors in this play, I can't help feeling that one of the authors doesn't like them.

Garson. Well, if that detective comes here again I shall shoot him with my patent silent pistol. (Takes it out.) I'll show you. What shall I shoot?

Margaret (eagerly). The green vase. It was a Christmas present from grand-mamma. (It falls to pieces.) At last! How splendid—I mean, how careless of you. Well, any other news?

Garson. Jim Wade says there's a wonderful tapestry in old Gilder's library, and he knows a shop where they'll give us a million pounds for it. We're going after it to-night.

Margaret (nobly). Never! It's against the law.

Garson (annoyed). You know, dear, I really think you'd get more sympathy from the audience if you did illegal things which were morally right rather than immoral things which are legally right. Besides, you know you want your revenge on old Gilder.

Margaret (crossly). Perhaps you'd like to write the play yourself? (Stiffly) As a matter of fact, I married Dick Gilder this morning. That's my revenge on Mr. Gilder. I have made him my father-in-law.

Garson. Personally I still think I should prefer the million pounds.

CURTAIN.

**ACT III.**

Gilder's Library.

Gilder. Well, what have you done?

Cassidy (the detective). Listen! Tonight Margaret Taylor's gang will come here to burgle the house. She will be arrested and sent to penal servitude; and—er—(lamely) as soon as the Majority Report of the Divorce Commission becomes law your son will be free.

Gilder. Good. Then I shall toddle off. It's half-past eleven.

Cassidy. Yes, do; the gang may be here at any moment. Burglars want to get to bed so early nowadays.

[They go out, and the stage is in darkness. Enter Garson and Wade.

Garson. Well, I suppose they're all in bed by now. H'sh, what's that?

[Enter Margaret.

Margaret (dramatically). I've come to save you! You mustn't steal the tapestry! It's against the law. (With strong common sense) Besides, it will probably be my husband's some day. Naturally, one doesn't want to lose a million-pound tapestry.

[Enter Dick.

Dick (surprised). Help!

Margaret. It's all right, dear. I've come to send them away. (With sudden suspicion) Dick, where did that tapestry come from? Bayeux, or the Tottenham Court Road?

Dick. Tottenham Court Road, dear. You don't say you've come to steal the tapestry? Heaven bless you!

Garson (sternly). Wade, have you betrayed us? You dog, take that. (He fires, and Wade collapses.)

Dick. Quick! Give me the pistol. (Takes it from him.) If this play is to go on, I must be falsely accused.

[Enter a Scotland Yard Inspector.

Inspector. Richard Gilder, I arrest you for wilful murder.

Dick (pretending to be much distressed). Bother.

CURTAIN.

**ACT IV.—The Flat.**

[Enter Demarest.

Demarest. Dick is remanded on bail. All the same, I can't help thinking he's innocent.

Margaret. Really, this is just like the First Act.

Demarest. Yes, I once thought you were innocent too. But now—

Margaret. Well, I can prove that I never stole those things. Look, here's a confession from the girl who did.

Demarest. How very satisfactory. Now Mr. Gilder will apologise to you.

[Enter Garson.

Garson. And I can prove that Dick never shot Wade. Because I did.

Demarest. Better and better.

[Enter Dick.

Dick. And if only Margaret will tell me that she has learnt to love me since the second Act then all will be well.

Margaret. Dick, I couldn't tell you a lie; I do.

Demarest (thoughtfully). I wonder why she couldn't tell him a lie. It isn't illegal.

Dick. My wife! (Embraces her.)

CURTAIN.

A. A. M.

## MR. PUNCH IN THE PAST.

[After the custom of several of his contemporaries and in the manner of himself.]

II.

[Reproduced from "Punch" of 1164.]

"You've laid me a stymie," said Elvira. "I can't get at the jack without a little off break bias, can I?"

I sighed three times in quick succession. Elvira laid down the bowl in deep concern.

"What's the matter?" she said. "You haven't swallowed one of them, have you?"

"One of what?" I asked.

She pointed to the bowl.

"Don't be silly," I said. "I'm worried about these Constitutions."

"You're not going to make that joke about them again?" said Elvira quickly.

"It was a rotten joke," I said. "But, after all, the Constitutions of Clarendon are rotterer. And they're serious."

"The joke wasn't funny," said Elvira. "As for the Constitutions, my father, the Sieur Mannerling, was saying—"

"Yes, but he's not in the Church. You seem to forget, Elvira, that I'm in minor orders myself, and I feel like the dear Archbishop in the matter. Of course I haven't gone so far into the profession as to prevent my marrying you; but all the same the Constitutions are doing me out of my little privileges, you know."

Elvira glanced regretfully towards the jack.

"Tell me, dear," she said. "I can't rest until you have done so."

"It's like this," I said. "Supposing I touch Archie for a rose noble, and then won't pay up, what happens?—I mean, what would have happened before the Act was passed?"

"He'd have landed you one on the point of the vizor, wouldn't he?"

"I'm talking about law," I said hastily. "He'd have had to hale me before the Bishop. And the Bishop—"

"I know. You dine with him sometimes, don't you?"

"On one occasion I week-ended with him," I said with dignity. "Anyway, we clerics hang together, Elvira."

"And now?"

"Well, now Archie could land me in an ordinary civil court and get the money out of me. It's simply subversive of the dignity of the clergy. You know, the country is going to the dogs."

"But you always do pay Archie back, don't you? Some time or other, I mean?"

"That's got nothing to do with it," I declared. "The thing is—"



## AT A CHARITY MATINÉE.

*Inimitable Comedian.* "OH, YES, I ONCE WON A PRIZE AT A BEAUTY SHOW—WHEN NOBODY WAS LOOKING."

*Mabel.* "MOTHER, IS THAT TRUE?"

"The thing is," said Elvira, flinging back her long sleeve and stooping to take up the bowl, "is Kent going to win the championship?"

"Sir Kenneth has been jousting pretty well lately," I said. "But, my dear Elvira, don't you see that if the Archbishop goes abroad to appeal to the Pope he'll probably take the pick of the *mélée* with him? Woolley's pretty sure to go anyway, and Canterbury week will be simply knocked on the head."

"Oh!" said Elvira, standing up again, "oh, poor Kent! And you always see Archbishop Thomas in the pavilion during Canterbury week. Then the Constitutions of Clarendon are serious. Why didn't you say so before?"

## GALLANTRY IN EAST ANGLIA.

"When a Suffolk fisher-lad sets his heart upon a maiden, he does not beat about the bust."—*Adelaide Register*.

## The Hurricane.

Captain F. H. SHAW in *The Story-Teller*:

"They were carrying big coral rocks to the selected site when, by some misadventure, Lorton dropped his end of the stone they handled, and caused it to fall on de Vallan's foot. It was a trivial thing enough, but it showed how the wind blew."

"Twenty-eight years' experience combined with a thorough philosophical training has made our tuner thoroughly qualified. Only piano tuner in India holding a diploma for philosophy."

*Advt. in "Indian Daily Telegraph."*  
It is generally the man next door who really wants the philosophy.

From a letter on "The Tammin Camp" in the *Kalgoorlie Miner*:

"The fines put on for the least breach of discipline were altogether too high. For instance, a personal friend of mine was fined 10s. for tickling an officer on the back of his neck with a straw while we were standing 'easy.'"

Dash it, one can't amuse oneself anyhow.



#### HINTS TO CLIMBERS: HOW TO ATTRACT NOTICE.

I. WEAR COSTUMES DESIGNED BY M. LÉON BAKST, WHO, WE HEAR, IS ADDING TO HIS TRIUMPHS IN THE FIELD OF RUSSIAN BALLET BY CREATING MODELS FOR A PARISIAN MODISTE.

#### FORTY WINKS IN FLEET STREET.

(*An epistle to Charles on the difference between his day-dreams and mine.*)

So you think of the white dog-roses,  
Dear Charles, in the lap of June,  
When you do drop off into dozes  
At your desk of an afternoon;  
You fancy you see the leaping trout  
In the long dark pool as the day draws out,  
And you turn from the telephone's ugly spout,  
And the price of some share in the market gives place to  
the stock-dove's croon.

That is all very well for the City,  
Where sentiment still lives green,  
And it sounds most awfully pretty.  
But I cannot imagine the scene:  
Lush dells where the early nightingale sang  
And the dog-rose bloomed with a glittering fang.  
They are done with, Charles, they are clean  
gone bang.

They are phantasies unremembered by *The Topical Magazine*.

Our brains are a finer tissue;  
We build for a future day;  
You will notice in this month's issue  
An article dealing with hay;  
Long since, ere the green buds tipped the larch  
We passed it for press in the front of March,  
And the girl on the cover (my hat! she was arch),  
When the frost set type on the window, we brodered with  
blossoming may.

And now on the shingly beaches  
Where rollick the tiny chicks,  
And the harvest of nuts and peaches  
By favour of Ceres mix,  
By the esplanades of the shining sea  
It is there, it is there that my soul would be  
If I paused for a moment's reverie,  
For we're tackling the August number. How softly that  
typewriter ticks!

Without there is noise of 'buses  
And noise of the creaking wain,  
And a silly old bluebottle fusses  
Inside on the window-pane;  
And the sky is rimmed by a hundred roofs  
And round and about is a litter of proofs  
Stamped deep with the stamp of the devil's hoofs,  
But beyond, through the noise of printers, loud roars the  
ineffable main.

And the cornfields are bright with poppies;  
Behold how they wink and burn!  
And the leaves on the sun-parched coppice  
Are dusty, and dim the fern;  
And two months on, O Charles, when you pine  
For heathery moors or the open brine,  
Your visions will still be quite different from mine,  
For our Grand Double Xmas Number will then be our  
chief concern.

EVOE.



### TOO MANY PIPS.

ASQUITH (to LLOYD GEORGE). "FUNNY THING, MATE; 'E DON'T SEEM TO KNOW WOT'S GOOD FOR 'IM. WE SHALLI 'AVE TO TRY AGAIN."

[Mr. Asquith has promised a Bill to amend the Insurance Act.]



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Commons, Tuesday, May 27.*

Sittings resumed after Whitsun Re-cess. Pretty good attendance con-sidering splendour of summer weather lately bursting over town and country. Some notable ab-sentees. PREMIER still "at sea," a situation which has for him the charm of novelty; sitting on deck at feet of LORD HIGH ADMIRAL he learns how to splice the main-brace and master mystery of sailor's knot. His quick mind perceives possibili-ties of application of principle to replies to inconvenient ques-tions. To construct a smooth answer, apparently easy (really difficult) to unravel, might on occasion be convenient.

In Chief's absence lead assumed by CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, whose ruddy countenance suggests that, tem-porarily relieved from business connected with that mysterious entity, the Land Committee, he has been playing golf in the Tropics. Front Opposition Bench in sole possession of WALTER LONG. BONNER LAW at Queen's Hall explaining to Women's Amalgamated Unionist and Tariff Reform Association that "We are the National Party."

Curiously depressed air about. Mem-bers enter on tiptoe; greet each other in whispers. Suggest on Ministerial side that they have come to bury Home Rule, not to hurry it through penulti-mate stage by process of formal Committee with opportunity benevolently provided for "making sugges-tions."

Almost the sole live person on the premises is GEOFFREY HOWARD, Vice-Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household, Parliamentary Private Secretary to the PRIME MINISTER (unpaid), one of the team of Ministerial Whips. Familiar habit with him to enter House from time to time, stand at Bar and take stock of both sides. In performance of this duty a pair of spats of immaculate whiteness plays prominent part. By chance this afternoon Captain MURRAY, careful for safety of his fellow-men, draws attention to danger arising from dazzling glare of head-lights on motor cars. As question is put, and PRESIDENT OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD, with rare use of first person

singular, replies, nervous Members think the principle of repression might be carried in another direction. With the chamber full of unaccustomed sunlight GEOFFREY HOWARD's spats sparkling at the Bar "give one the blink," as ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, who is

*House of Lords, Wednesday.*—Fore-gathering on Monday after well-earned holiday, noble Lords were depressed by knowledge that they had lost com-pañionship of cheery Lord ASHBOURNE. To-day the bells are tolling again, telling of death of another highly esteemed colleague, Lord AVEBURY. Im-possible to conceive two men, equally gifted, more widely separated by ways of thought and personal manner. ASH-BOURNE bubbling with fun, boyish in manner and talk; AVEBURY prim in manner, quiet in speech, convinced that, since there is no authentic evidence of jokes disturbing the equanimity of a beehive, mankind would do well, if not absolutely to eschew them, at least rigorously to limit indulgence in them.

Though no sluggard AVEBURY from time to time went to the ants and learned something of their busy orderly ways. Whilst still with us in the Commons he not infrequently contributed wise sayings to debate. His principal legislative achievement was the passing of the Bank Holiday Act, with which his name will ever be associated. Found less inviting opening in the House of Lords. But up to recent date was constant in attendance, patient in attention to speeches not all attractive. Like most old Commoners transplanted to the Lords he frequently revisited the glimpses of the illuminated ceiling of the Chamber across the way. SARK saw and spoke with him a fortnight before adjournment for holidays. Much struck by evident signs of breaking-up in the still slight, upright figure.

Though ever ready when called upon to take part in debate in the Lords, especially on Irish questions, ASHBOURNE did his best work in the Commons. To other charms of oratory he added a mellifluous brogue. His countryman, Lord MORRIS, used to speak slightly of the gift, hinting that it was surreptitiously acquired and secretly nourished. That probably personal jealousy; himself being master of a brogue in which you could almost wade up to knees.

*House of Lords* is the poorer by the passing of two of the oldest and most highly esteemed of our Parliament men.

*Business done.*—Ancient Monuments Bill reported, with amendments.



WINSTON shows the PREMIER how to splice the main-brace.

coming to the front again, picturesquely put it.

That a detail. Of larger moment is the fact that to see the VICE-CHAMBERLAIN OF THE HOUSEHOLD, standing at the Bar, hands delved deep in trousers' pockets (habit suggestive of mistrust of esteemed colleague, THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, watching him care-fully totting up forces on either side), give little nod of satisfaction and retire

ONE WAY OF FILLING THE FRONT OPPOSITION BENCH.  
A suggestion for Mr. WALTER LONG.

to Whip's room, inspires general feeling of security. As ROBERT BROWNING, had he lived in the Parliamentary world, might have put it, GEOFFREY HOWARD's at the Bar; all's well with the Party.

*Business done.*—ATTORNEY-GENERAL moved Second Reading of Appellate Jurisdiction Bill. Debate adjourned.

**Friday.**—Pleasant example of spirit of knightly chivalry that underlies Party conflict forthcoming in action taken by FRED HALL—whom the Question-Paper is careful to particularise as “(Dulwich)” —in matter of ceremonial recognition due to FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY. Naturally WINSTON, howsoever winsome, is not personally a favourite in Unionist camp. Never forgotten that he once belonged to it; loss sustained by his desertion fully realised only when one contemplates his brilliant services under the enemy's flag. To the generous-minded that rather incentive to keener jealousy on his behalf than of desire to see him flouted. FRED HALL, surveying the world from his eyrie at Dulwich, has watched Mediterranean



“I”—the PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.

cruise of FIRST LORD. Observed that, on landing at various ports, he was received by the authorities with some show of ceremonial welcome. Here and there a gun has gone off and a flag of welcome run up at masthead.

This does not satisfy the punctilious mind. OLIVER TWIST (Dulwich) asks for more. After some expenditure of midnight oil he drafted a question addressed to SECRETARY OF WAR demanding to know “if, under the regulations of the War Office, the First Lord of the Admiralty is entitled to any special ceremonial recognition; if so, what is the nature of the same; and, if there is no such special recognition, whether he will take steps to ensure that the high position occupied by the First Lord of the Admiralty is adequately recognised.”

Might reasonably be expected that representative of Government would readily, gratefully, grasp this hand

stretched across sea of Party politics. And what response does SEELY make? Casually reads from paper: “This matter is governed by paragraphs 1807 and 1810 of the King's Regulations. There is no intention of amending them.”

Nothing more. FRED HALL (Dulwich), limp in seat, resumed in expectation of rather making a score. Really no use preparing the parlour for the fly and artlessly inviting him to enter if he won't.

**Business done.**—Second Reading of Government of Scotland Bill moved.

#### WONDERS WILL NEVER CEASE.

[“Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, who during his recent visit to Paris was approached by leaders of the Armenian community, and subsequently had interviews with leading French Ministers and politicians, pressed upon Sir E. GREY the importance of ensuring the future safety and good government of the Armenian Christians as part of the post-war settlement.”—*Daily Chronicle*, May 30, 1913.”]

WHILE thunder crashed and lightning flashed I dreamed a dream last night Which filled my anguished bosom with unspeakable affright:

I dreamed I saw Lord HALSBURY proposing to elope

With Mr. ARTHUR BENSON to assassinate the POPE.

I dreamed that Mr. HANDEL BOOTH was made Lord Chancellor, While SHAW succeeded SEELY as the Minister for War.

I dreamed that Mr. CADBURY bestrode the Derby winner, And then invited RUFUS and the CHESTERTONS to dinner.

I dreamed that bold BEN TILLETT was created an Archbishop, While LULU went to Whitechapel to manage a fried fish shop.

I dreamed I heard LLOYD GEORGE in most indignant tones rebuke A Welshman who had spoken somewhat harshly of a Duke.

I dreamed that Mr. MASEFIELD wrote a novel all in prose, Without a single swear-word from the opening to the close.

I dreamed that ALEXANDER ceased to stretch and press his bags, And appeared at the St. James's in a garb of tattered rags.

\* \* \* \* \*  
O gentle reader, do not treat this record with derision;

The facts of daily life are far more strange than any vision;

For I saw it clearly stated in *The Chronicle* to-day  
That the cause of the Armenians had been championed by “TAY PAY.”

#### The Inevitable.

“LORD JUSTICE FAREWELL RETIRES.”  
*Yorkshire Evening News.*

#### TAKING THE PLUNGE.

At seven o'clock I climbed out of bed and looked anxiously at the weather. The sun was shining from a cloudless sky and the breeze was soft and balmy. From chestnut-tree a thrush cried cheekily, “Get up, you lazy beggar! Get up, you lazy beggar!”

I put on my swimming costume and dressed hastily on the top of it. “Good boy!” remarked the thrush encouragingly as I stepped into the street; and fluttered off to tell his wife about it. I breathed deeply and happily; surely this was the ideal morning for the first bathe of the season.

But somehow the world seemed changed when I reached the front. The sun still shone brightly, the sky was still cloudless, the breeze was still soft and balmy, but the sea looked wet, with that nasty cold wetness suggestive of drowned men. By-and-by, when I was bending over the desk, it would become warm and inviting, and more fortunate people. . . .

I went into the tent and began to undress. But my enthusiasm had completely died out. Instead of throwing off garment after garment with the speed of a music-hall performer, I lingered dubiously over buttons and things. Why not go back? I asked myself. Why not postpone it for another week or two? There was no compulsion about it. I was my own master. After all, a man must be a fool to do a disagreeable thing for no reason.

On the other hand, I reflected, the first plunge was always beastly, and I knew from experience that the sooner one got it over the better. And what would those people on the beach think of me if I turned back now?

A mood of reckless daring came upon me suddenly. Without giving it time to fade, I dashed out of the tent and ran towards the sea at top speed. The few early promenaders gave me a mighty shout of encouragement. I sm'led my acknowledgments and fairly hurled myself into the water.

Br-r-r-r, it was cold! I swam out desperately a dozen yards, turned, and headed for the shore, gasping. Another terrific shout went up as I reappeared on the sands. Good fellows! They recognised a plucky act when they saw it. I waved my hand.

And then I realised that I was still wearing my shirt.

Mr. Lough then rose, and delivered an exhaustive speech on the watchwords of the Liberal party—“Pence, Retrenchment, and Reform.”—*Hampshire Chronicle*.

“Pence” seems an understatement for payment of Members at £400 a year.

## ONCE UPON A TIME.

## THE DEVOUT LOVER.

ONCE upon a time there was a fox who fell in love with a pretty little vixen. He called her Sweet Auburn, and in the small hours, when all the world was asleep, they went for delightful strolls together and talked a deal of pleasant nonsense.

One day she casually mentioned her approaching birthday, which chanced to be on May the 15th; and when he expressed his intention of giving her a present she said she would like nothing so much as gloves.

"What colour?" he asked.

"Purple," she said; and he agreed.

"With white and purple spots inside," she added; and he agreed again.

"And lined with glistening hairs," she called after him; and he agreed once more.

When, however, he told his mother, the old lady was discouraging. "They're not out yet," she said, "fox-gloves aren't."

His mother was a widow. An unfortunate meeting with the local pack had deprived her for ever of her beloved chicken-winner. She had however brought up, with much pluck and resource, her family unaided.

"You'll never get them by the 15th," she added, "that's a fortnight too early."

"But I must," replied her son, with the impetuosity and determination of youth.

"You'll never," said his mother.

Undismayed he set forth and searched the countryside for fox-gloves. He found many plants in various early stages of growth, but none even approaching the right condition for exhibiting their stock-in-trade.

"What did I tell you?" said his mother, and the day drew nearer.

He extended his travels, but in vain, until one morning, at about a quarter to five, when he ought to have been at home again, he came upon a stalk which actually had buds on it. Carefully marking the spot he rushed back with the news.

"But how can blossoms be ready in four days?" he asked his mother.

"Intensive culture," said the old lady. "There's nothing but that."

"I don't know what you mean," said her son.

"Of course not; you're only a child. It means you must supply heat and nourishment. You must curl your warm body round that stalk every evening as soon as the sun sets and lie there without moving till the sun's up, and you must water the roots with your tears. On no account must you move or nap."



Voice (from above). "WILD DUCK, ONE."

Chef (who has had a bob on for a place). "YES; BUT WHAT'S SECOND AND THIRD?"

"Really?" he asked nervously.

"If you truly love," said his mother.

"I wonder," he thought; but after paying another visit to Sweet Auburn he knew that he did, and he promised her the gloves for a certainty.

Late on the evening of the 15th, when Sweet Auburn had almost given him up, he staggered into her abode, wan and weary, and laid a pair of superb gloves at her feet. They were a beautiful purple lined with glistening hairs and they had white and purple spots inside.

"Many happy returns," he said. "They're absolutely the first of the season. You'll be able to set the fashion."

"Best of boys!" she replied, embracing him, and named the happy day.

OH, OH! DAPHNE!

YES, she is fair; the rose that burned  
In Eve's bright garden flames anew  
In Daphne's cheek, nor ever earned  
A form by sculptor's cunning turned  
Such praise as is her due.

Look in her eyes; clear pools are they  
Where innocence and wonder meet,  
As if she marvelled to survey  
A world that spreads by day and day  
Fresh gladness at her feet.

Yet trust her not, for yestere'en,  
With careless or with shameless  
hand,  
When bunkered near the second green,  
She grounded (as she thought, unseen)  
Her niblick in the sand.

## AT THE PLAY.

"THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN" AND "ARIADNE IN NAXOS."

THE distinguished actor-impresario who controls the destinies of His Majesty's Theatre would have had more of all our compliments for thinking of bringing over to us *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*—*The Perfect Gentleman*, as Mr. MAUGHAM elects to translate it—if he hadn't so freely mislaid the good man on the way. Sir HERBERT TREE's passion for buffooning tended to obscure the original (and his own talent) and thereby set the whole comedy, or, rather, the selected part of it, in a false key. For the *Jourdain* I remember, snobbish, ignorant, credulous certainly, is altogether a simpler and pleasanter fellow, is not sure enough of himself to be anything like so boisterously vulgar, yet remains every bit as funny. Sir HERBERT was often nearer to *Sir Gorgius Midas* than to *Jourdain*. There were many outrageous gags and a general clamour and restlessness of movement. Sedulous of "action" in this crude sense, Sir HERBERT is unmindful of the equal and opposite reaction—on his audience or a silent part of it. Where a gesture or an intonation might serve, a gag is brought forth or an acrobatic contortion executed with almost mournful thoroughness. Most surely improvisation in the idiom and atmosphere of another age is too hazardous a game to be worth the scandal of betraying one's author. But the veteran actor takes a genuine pleasure in these exercises, and surely no one of the audience could have enjoyed the jocund rout so thoroughly.

Mr. PHILIP MERIVALE as *Dorante* in his brave blue suit, and Miss NEILSON-TERRY in her gay brocade, made a very pleasant, pretty and appropriate pair. Mr. ROY BYFORD pulled his lesson of the *Master of Philosophy* out of the general racket into some sort of reasonable shape, while the tailors' *pas de quatre* was entirely satisfactory. Herr RICHARD STRAUSS's brilliant incidental music nourished high expectations of his *Ariadne in Naxos* (to Herr von HOFMANNSTHAL's libretto), which was to take the place of the original "ballets" and "Turkish ceremonies." It is built on a pleasantly fantastical idea. *Jourdain*, who provides the opera for his aristocratic friends, orders that harlequinade and opera shall proceed together to save time. The

musicians rave, and surely could have carried their point by explaining that titled people do not have it so. However they conveniently forget this old trump card, so we find poor *Ariadne* (Fräulein EVA VON DER OSTEN) on her desert Naxos anything but lonely by reason of the intrusive sympathies of *Zerbinetta* and of *Harlequin, Scaramuccio, Truffaldino, and Brighella*, her four lovers. Taetfully disregarding their existence she sings (divinely) with interruptions, till *Bacchus*, who had, I think, from his towels, been bathing in the neighbourhood, arrives in his canoe and consoles her. The really spirited piece of acting of the evening was the

generally unresponsive fowls perched on branches R. and L. to wake to life and begin to bow; nicer still of one of them to strike work and to need coaxing back to life by an attendant. These things help the guileless convention of Opera. And I had some fun out of wondering whether *Bacchus* (Herr MARAK) or *Ariadne* would be the first to get a flickering piece of golden snow well in the mouth in the middle of a top note. θ.

## LOVE IN A HEAT WAVE.

(*The Bard to his Betrothed.*)

O PHYLLIS, let your attitude  
For once be tolerant and kind;  
Allow a little latitude,  
Permit your man to change  
his mind.

When I and things were other-  
wise,  
I took you, did I not, to task?  
"That you should love me  
brotherwise  
Is not," I told you, "what  
I ask.

"Don't hold yourself so rigidly  
When I, in turn, would be  
caressed;  
Don't look at things so frigidly,  
But let us have a little zest.

"Although my love is willing, it  
Requires a modicum of heat;  
You can't preserve, by chilling,  
it.  
As if the thing were foreign  
meat!

"Desert your bleak and barren  
height  
Of pride and dignity; aspire  
To more degrees of Fahrenheit,  
Or, briefly, show a little fire."

I do not seek to vindicate,  
But rather pray to have forgot  
That view I dared to indicate

In winter—when it wasn't hot.

So far, my Love, from cherishing  
A more than foolish bard's advice,  
Keep cool, nay cold, nay perishing!  
Oh, be a very berg of ice!

"A—W—, the murderer, has been sentenced  
to death by elocution in New York."

*Polynesian Gazette.*

In spite of all the efforts of the  
missionaries, the Polynesian mind still  
dwells lovingly on the idea of death by  
slow torture.

"New-laid eggs, direct from vicarage fowls."  
*Advt. in "Church Times."*

How superior they must be to the  
ordinary "lay" egg.

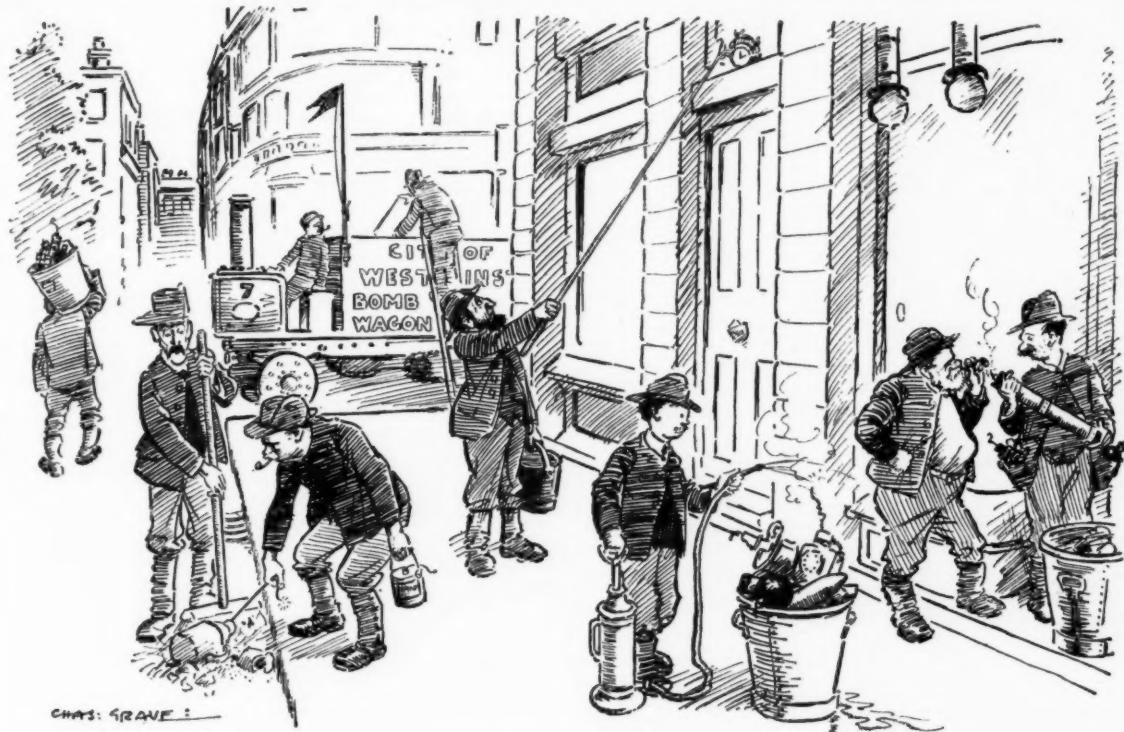


AN ANGLO-GERMAN ENTENTE.

*Voice of Molière (in the wings, heard during performance of the MAUGHAM-STRAUSS-HOFMANNSTHAL combination at His Majesty's).* "I hope I don't intrude."

*M. Jourdain* .. .. Sir HERBERT TREE (with false nose.)  
*Ariadne* .. .. Fräulein EVA VON DER OSTEN.

astonishing account given, in gorgeously embroidered song, of her love affairs by *Zerbinetta* (Mlle. BOSETTI). The tuneful buffooneries of her companions diverted me very much. Of the higher mysteries of the music I have not the right to speak, but it delighted me throughout. The composer seemed to throw down, as it were, amid his not always intelligible complexities, challenging passages of limpid, exquisite melody (such as the trio of *Naiad, Dryad* and *Echo* greeting young *Bacchus*) much in the spirit of TURNER pointing to his iridescent fish with "They say TURNER can't colour!" Most sweet and mellow was Fräulein HOFFMAN-ONEGIN's alto in this and other beautiful passages. It was the charming of the two faithful but



## THE NEW INDUSTRY.

EXPERT BOMB-PICKERS AT WORK IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING.

## THE SUPERIOR DRAMATIST.

THERE is a dream, a wild delicious dream,  
A dream that ever soothes me when depressed,  
Starts me afresh, and pours the kindly cream  
Of healing on my lacerated breast;  
A hope, half-disillusioned as I am,  
That sticks to me like jam.

I will expound. In me you may behold  
A Great Unacted. Plays of every sort  
I have put out, but managers—a cold  
And shallow folk—deny their due support.  
Indeed, they send me back my every play  
With "Thank you, not to-day."

I am too good for them. My subtle charm  
Little appeals to men of their gross earth.  
My intellect repels them in alarm;  
How should they understand? Their ribald mirth  
Is awed to silence by my silver wit;  
They cannot tackle it.

But I go on, unchecked, towards the goal,  
Having, I say, a dream that serves to heal  
Their blows on my unconquerable soul.  
I know I am superior; I feel,  
Genius will out; true merit, such as mine,  
Is bound, at last, to shine.

A day will come, ha, ha!—to use their own  
Vile jargon—when, with one fell swoop, Success  
Will fold me, and accept me for her own;  
When the whole London and provincial Press

Will raise me up, and thronging herds delight  
To cram the house each night.

And when these paltry managerial worms  
Come round me, fawning (as they ever do),  
Seeking a boon, a play on any terms;

While I, on that one work or, may be, two,  
Sit softly and grow rich beyond—oh, bliss!—  
The dreams of avarice;

Then calmly I shall deal to each of them  
A play apiece; and, when they hug the prize,  
Mouthing their parts, as gloats on some rare gem  
The "fence" with lust of profit in his eyes,  
I from my greater height shall look them o'er,  
And frame this classic score:—

There was a time when it was mine to beg,  
And these, which you refused, were going cheap;  
But, now the boot is on the other leg,  
You shall not have them, howsoever you weep;  
It is my humour that, for future days,  
No one shall act my plays. DUM-DUM.

"Lord Leith of Fyvie's fine steam yacht 'Miranda' arrived at Dartmouth last evening.

"Lord Leith of Fyvie's fine steam yacht 'Miranda' arrived at Dartmouth last evening."—*Devon Evening Express*.

These twin statements occur in a column headed "Dartmouth Echoes," and rightly, for No. 2 is one of the best echoes we have heard.

## CELEBRATED TRIALS.

## III.—REX v. BASKERVILLE.

THE prisoner in this case was Henry Satterthwaite Baskerville Bones Baskerville, who was charged with having (1) expressed his disgust at the Bunny Hug; (2) written a letter denouncing the Turkey Trot and the Tango; (3) displayed a complete ignorance of the Boston; (4) with having, contrary to the statute, endeavoured to dance a waltz and a polka; (5) with being a suspected person found loitering with intent to commit a quadrille.

The Court was crowded with *débutantes*, chaperons, duchesses, marchionesses, ticket-holders for subscription dances, men about town, and young dancers of both sexes from the suburban districts. Mr. Mazy, K.C., and Mr. Lighto appeared for the Crown. Prisoner was defended by Mr. Hobnail, K.C., and Mr. Triprain; while Mr. Zweipfennig held a watching brief for the dancing editor of *The Times*.

At the opening of the court Mr. Justice Onestep made an earnest appeal to the public to restrain the expression of their feelings during the course of the proceedings. No doubt the prisoner was charged with the commission of very heinous offences, but it was a salutary principle of English law, thereby differentiating it favourably from the law—if, indeed, he might so term it—of foreign countries, that every man must be presumed to be innocent until he was proved to be guilty. He begged the jury to concentrate their minds on the evidence and to forget anything they might have heard or read which could in any degree prejudice them against the prisoner. He thought it right to make this preliminary appeal because he knew that the case had excited profound interest amongst all classes.

It appeared from the opening statement of Mr. Mazy that the prisoner was a member of an ancient and most respectable family settled in the Midlands. He had been educated without any special discredit at Eton, and had thence proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford. His studies at this seat of learning had, however, been curtailed owing to an incident which affected one of the authorities. A tutor's oak, had, in fact, been painted over with a bright vermilion colour, and the prisoner, having failed to explain his possession of a paint-pot and brush, was rusticated, or, in other words, expelled from his college. He had then removed to London, and for a year or two had taken part in the pleasures of the town. It would be proved that he had frequented balls and had very often danced waltzes. He (the learned counsel) did not say this with the intention of bearing hardly on the prisoner. The jury would remember that in the days of which he spoke such dances were still permissible, there being, strangely enough, no legislative enactment to prevent them.

*His Lordship. Autres temps autres mœurs*, Mr. Mazy.

*Mr. Mazy, K.C.* No doubt, my Lord, that would be so.

The learned counsel, continuing, said that he himself, and, if he might presume to say so, his Lordship also, looked back with horror upon a misspent youth. Their eyes, however, were now open, and they realised their fault, though that fault was due to ignorance. At that time, in short, nobody in England had heard of the new dances, and no blame could attach to those who danced the old ones.

*His Lordship.* It was customary at one period to burn witches.

*A member of the public.* And a good job, too.

*His Lordship.* Remove that man.

The man having been duly removed, Mr. Mazy proceeded to say that at the age of twenty-two the prisoner had left England for Africa, where he had remained for eighteen years. He had been heard of in places as widely separated

from one another as Nigeria, Basutoland and Uganda. Last year he had suddenly come home and had renewed his intimacy with some of his old friends. One of these, Lady Richard Ragg-Tempest, happened to be issuing invitations to a dance, and sent the prisoner a card. He came, but after the first dance he expressed himself to his hostess in violent terms of condemnation with reference to what he had seen. Failing, naturally enough, to obtain any satisfaction from her ladyship, he shortly afterwards left the house. On the following morning he was arrested, after a violent struggle, in which two dancing masters were seriously injured.

*His Lordship.* How do you propose to prove the *animus saltandi*? We know that *bene* or *male* does not matter, but the *animus* is essential.

*Mr. Mazy.* In his letter of acceptance the prisoner stated that he was eagerly looking forward to the party and intended to dance every dance. That letter is in court and will be produced.

The first witness was Lady Richard Ragg-Tempest. Her ladyship gave her evidence with great reluctance. She deposed that after the first dance, which was a Boston varied by Bunny-Hugs, Turkey Trots and Tangoes, the prisoner came up to her and said these things were an outrage and wouldn't be tolerated in Uganda. He also said he had tried to waltz and polk to the ridiculous tune, but had failed, mainly owing to the unwillingness of his partner.

*His Lordship.* She deserves the thanks of the community.

Witness, continuing, said she reasoned with the prisoner, having known him in his younger days, but found it useless.

*Mr. Hobnail, K.C.* (in cross-examination). Was he serious?

*The Witness.* He was so serious that I thought he must be joking.

After several other witnesses had been examined, Mr. Hobnail, who announced his intention of calling no evidence, made an eloquent speech in defence, and his Lordship summed up at great length. The jury were away for half-an-hour. When they returned the foreman said their verdict was "Not guilty," with a rider strongly recommending the prisoner to mercy. Before the Judge could stop him he said this was a compromise agreed to by all of them.

*His Lordship* (to the prisoner). You have been lucky in having a middle-aged and merciful jury. Let this be a warning to you. You are discharged.

## CHIVALRY.

It was not caution, Captain, it was not  
Fear that the swiftly flying ball might sting;  
The trifling detail that the drive was hot  
Was not enough to make me drop the thing;  
Nor was it lack of skill, for understand  
That skill and I go ever hand in hand.

No, I recalled a day of wondrous bliss  
Last June, when double figures graced my name,  
And how this batsman whom I chanced to miss  
Dropped me (when nothing) in that glorious game.  
My sense of gratitude is always nice;  
A "life" demands a "life." I paid the price.

## The Pursuit.

"One of the best testimonials to the training which the young ladies received was contained in the report of the London University inspector, who proclaimed to the world that over half of those who had left the school had found husbands, so eagerly were they sought after."

*Daily Graphic.*

The inspector will explain what he meant next week.



"PLEASE, TEACHER, MOTHER SAYS CAN ALBERT DAVID SIT BY 'ISSELF THIS MORNIN', 'COS 'E'S GOT A TOUCH O' THE MEASLES?"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I CONFESS to a prejudice, based upon painful experience, against transatlantic fiction. I admit this the more readily because I am about to prove that, confronted with work of real and outstanding merit, it becomes a thing of naught. Unfortunately such occasions are rare. The more honour then to *Virginia* (HEINEMANN), before whose compelling charm I have had the pleasure of unconditional surrender. Miss ELLEN GLASGOW has not so much written a story—though this also—as created a single character, complete in absolutely human form. *Virginia* herself, as girl, wife and mother, one seems to have known as a personal friend; to have admired her youthful beauty, and seen it change and develop into the matured charm of the woman. Other women, or I am mistaken, will specially appreciate her. The history of her life I do not propose to tell you, beyond saying that it is one in which emotion plays the part of incident. Nothing in the remotest degree sensational ever happens to her. Quite early in the book she marries the lover of her choice, *Oliver*, the romantic young playwright whose mission in life is to regenerate the American drama, a mission in which his wife vaguely and quite uncomprehendingly believes. Then children come, and (when *Oliver* has cynically abandoned his dreams) prosperity; and one day *Virginia* finds that, in thinking more of her nursery than her husband, she has lost him. But she has still her son. That is practically all that happens; yet the human tenderness of its telling is beyond praise. Throughout I was haunted by a wish that *Virginia* could have been drawn

for us by Du MAURIER, who could have done her justice. If American novels are going to display such quality as this, their historical definition as "dry goods" will become meaningless.

You get quite a fine impression of an amazingly vital personality, "a great-hearted, simple, lovable and fiery soul," in Mr. ARTHUR COMPTON-RICKETT'S *William Morris*, which Mr. HERBERT JENKINS publishes in a pleasant volume. It presents a view taken from outside the charmed and privileged circle of MORRIS's old acquaintance and is therefore not without a new interest. If you have to pass through a little veil made of the parenthetic diversions of the literary gentleman marshalling his knowledge and comparisons, you'll find there are intimate, even trivial, records of fact, which help to build up the composite portrait of this poet, painter; dyer, dreamer; printer, weaver; revolutionary, tradesman, friend, which his admirers will have no difficulty in accepting. Never, surely, was man so dowered with divers gifts without any touch of charlatany or amateurishness. The author is at some pains to trace the influences that worked on MORRIS, and the compiled synopsis of events, literary and political, in parallel with the stages of his subject's life, is interesting and valuable. "Less the artist than the artist-citizen," is happily said in reference to the genuine altruism which illuminated MORRIS and which is so rarely a characteristic of the artist. He was indeed a big man, not wrapped up in his own bright visions of beauty, but infinitely anxious to share them with the many; a splendid democrat of an uncommon type, whose influence still happily works as a leaven amongst us.

And we don't readily tire of hearing about him. But I wish that the fastidiousness which made Mr. COMPTON-RICKETT write "tenour" had saved him from the deadly "phenomenal," and "phenomenally."

Miss HAMILTON has in *Mrs. Brett* (STANLEY PAUL) a subject of a most difficult delicacy, and, although her tale is interesting and human from the first page to the last, I do not think that she has slain her dragon; but I like the directness and simplicity of her treatment. Her four characters, *Mr. Brett*, *Mrs. Brett*, *Judith Brett* and *Peter Dampier* have that free, spontaneous movement that proves them to be something more than the puppets of a novelist's toy theatre, and I am especially grateful to her for not insisting too stridently on her Indian background. Occasionally someone will say, "Syce! Tattoo lao!" and of course polo and punkahs decorate the scene; but there is a fine reticence in her sharp and disciplined method. She gives us a picture of two women, mother and daughter, and finds her situations in the attempt on the part of the mother to keep the daughter from a catastrophe that had once broken her own life into pieces. *Judy Brett* is a clever study, but it lacks that final touch that would have set her completely before the reader. I waited eagerly for the scene that would lift the whole episode into sharp, poignant drama, and that scene never came. Miss HAMILTON intended to make her drama out of the reader's discovery of passion in the patient figure of *Mrs. Brett*, but at the last her power failed her. The situation of the young man who, having been badly treated by the daughter, finds, to his own surprise, that he loves the mother, once defeated THACKERAY, and has now proved too difficult for Miss HAMILTON. Nevertheless, *Mrs. Brett* is a book that deserves success for its humanity, its humour and its restraint.

Though so much has been written and read upon the same theme, I am glad to welcome *The Life and Letters of Jane Austen* (SMITH ELDER) as another contribution to our knowledge of one of the most attractive figures in literature. Naturally Messrs. W. and R. A. AUSTEN-LEIGH's book is one impossible of criticism in a paragraph. One can but say that it is a good book, preserving much of the quiet charm of its heroine—and leave the matter there. Largely, of course, it is based upon the well-known *Memoir* (by the father and grandfather of the present writers); but there is also much new matter. The sub-title of the volume is "A Family Record," a note that is emphasised to the point of unconscious humour by the Preface, in which the authors acknowledge, with a quaint air of proprietorship, the public interest in their famous relative. For the matter of the contents, quotation is the only comment. I must however content myself with only one brief extract from a letter written by JANE to her sister CASSANDRA in 1813:—

"Upon Mrs. D.'s mentioning that she had sent the *Rejected Addresses* to Mr. H., I began talking to her a little about

them, and expressed my hope of their having amused her. Her answer was, 'Oh dear, yes, very much, very droll indeed—the opening of the House and the striking up of the fiddles!' What she meant, poor woman, who shall say? I sought no farther. The P.'s have now got the book, and like it very much; their niece Eleanor has recommended it most warmly to them—she looks like a rejected addresser." Surely this strikes a human note, to which no one who has ever spoken of a favourite book in unworthy company can fail to respond.

The Reverend Albert Thompson, in *Pity the Poor Blind Constable*, was "the son of a musician who had married beneath him or, more strictly, of a piano-tuner who had become wedded to an actress." He took to the Church in London as a means of self-advancement, and relied less on any deep-seated belief than on his inherited gifts of a rich deep voice and dramatic gesture. *Berenice Chote* was the daughter of a loose and lively house in a village on the Dorset coast, as far apart in every way from the parson as one mortal could possibly be from another. Only Providence or an unusually gifted author could hope plausibly to bring the twain together, so that their lives might become inter-dependent and their progress might react upon each other. The affair could not have been in better hands than those of Mr. H. H. BASHFORD, whom I do not hesitate to describe as a master novelist, born for the job and clearly inspired. He has infinite humour and no prejudices; his characters are unmistakably alive

and his sense of atmosphere is such that one feels and resents the change of air when the history takes one, for a time, from Kilridge to town. As for the story, any attempt to epitomize it here would be as futile and misguided as the process of compressing one's whole existence (and that of many other people) into a three-line-to-a-day diary. It is a slice of variegated and vivacious life, leading to ends you might not expect but must eventually accept; moreover it is a worthy successor of the author's earlier work, *A Corner of Harley Street*, published a year or so ago but by no means yet forgotten.

"Fish (2) for Sale, one £75, one £50," runs an advertisement in *The Daily Chronicle*. The danger of this form of abbreviation is that an ignorant person forwarding the cash may find himself in possession of a couple of fishmongers' businesses instead of the material for a simple breakfast.

"Mr. M'Kenna was accompanied by three Scotland Yard detectives, who accompanied him to Penrhos, Lord Sheffield's Anglesey seat, where he will stay until after to-night's Disestablishment meeting."

*Liverpool Daily Post.*

We welcome this official pronouncement (if such it is) from the W.S.P.U., and rejoice that the HOME SECRETARY is safe from personal arson.



Guard (as train starts). "Now then, Romeo, 'urry up."